

of seriousness, and the crowning gifts of lofty purpose and severe integrity were denied him.

*To Sarah Disraeli.*

Nov. 4, 1834.

I dined on Saturday with Lyndhurst *enfamille*. A. more amiable and agreeable family I never met. The eldest daughter, <Sa/ is just like her mother, and, although only thirteen, rules everything and everybody — a most astounding little woman. Yesterday I went to see the new actor, Denvil. He is deplorable, has not the slightest feeling, nor one physical or mental qualification for the stage. I saw Chandos to-day, and had a long conversation with him on politics. He has no head, but I flatter myself I opened his mind a little. . . . D'Orsay has taken my portrait.<sup>1</sup>

Lord Chandos, as has been seen, was one of the members for Bucks ; but, as the author or reputed author of the famous clause in the Reform Bill which enfranchised the agricultural occupiers, and as the recognised spokesman for the farmers in the House of Commons, he was a person of more than local importance. With his genius for intrigue Disraeli was not long in devising a plot in which his county member and his new friend Lyndhurst might be usefully combined. Let him tell the tale himself.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Letter\*,

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